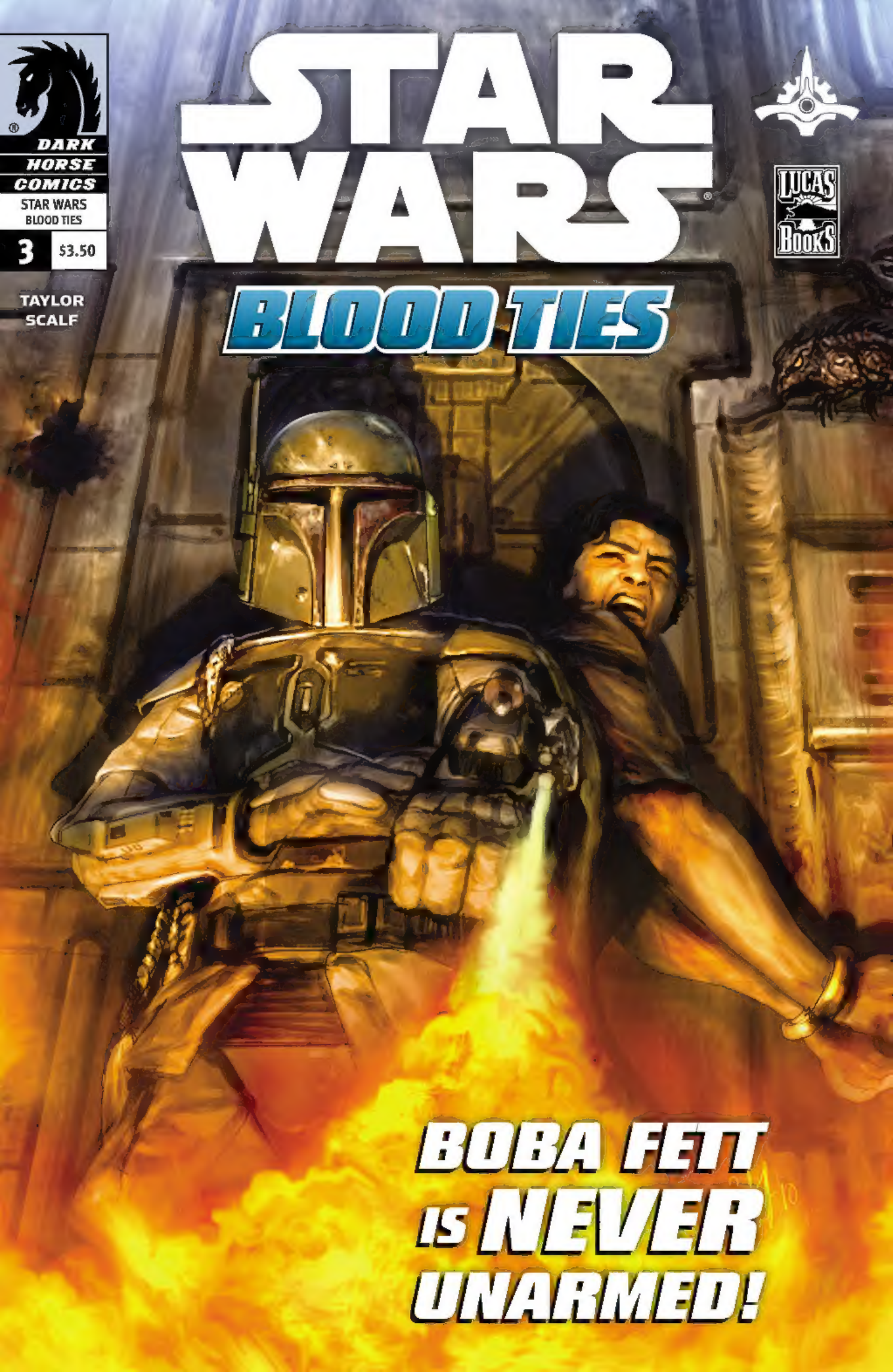
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LETTERING
MICHAEL HEISLER

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"JANGO AND BOBA FETT"
PART 3 OF 4

Shortly before the start of the Clone Wars, while on a secret mission from Count Dooku, Jango Fett found that his target was one of his own clones gone rogue. Jango completed the job, killing the clone—just before he discovered that the clone had a wife and a son. Leaving the scene, Jango promised to tell young Boba what had happened, but he never got the chance.

Now, decades later, Boba Fett learns that one of his quarries—a man wanted by a bloodthirsty crime lord—has been receiving a secret legacy from Jango.

His interest piqued, Boba locates his father's mysterious beneficiary . . . at exactly the same time as several other bounty hunters!

THE RISE OF THE EMPIRE
(1,000 – 0 YEARS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF YAVIN)

After the seeming final defeat of the Sith, the Republic enters a state of complacency. In the waning years of the Republic, the Senate rife with corruption, the ambitious Senator Palpatine causes himself to be elected Supreme Chancellor. This is the era of the prequel trilogy.

The events in this story take place approximately twenty-two years before the Battle of Yavin.

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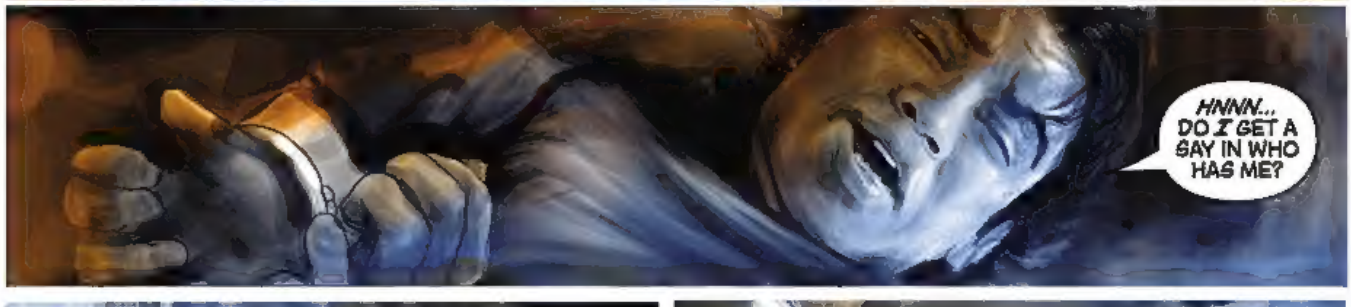
YOU.

BOBA FETT.

YES. ME.

"I'VE SEEN THEIR KIND MANY TIMES BEFORE. OVERCONFIDENT, GREEDY BULLIES.
"THEY HUNT IN PACKS. COWARDS WHO SURROUND THEMSELVES WITH COWARDS BECAUSE THEIR MOTHERS AREN'T THERE TO HOLD THEIR HANDS."
UNGH...

WE HAD HIM FIRST.
NO. YOU NEVER HAD HIM.
I HAVE HIM.

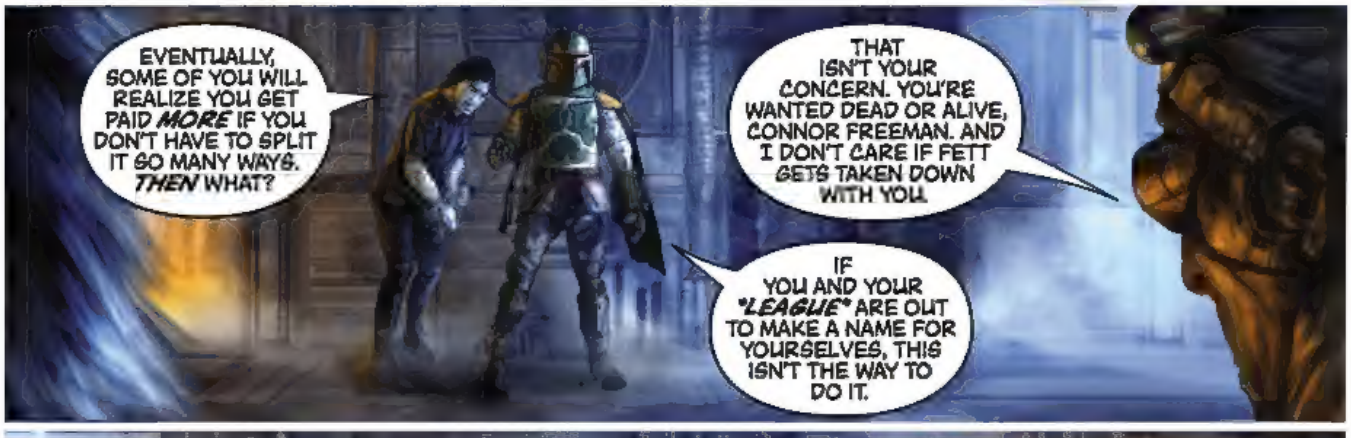

HNNN... DO I GET A SAY IN WHO HAS ME?

YOU DON'T INTIMIDATE US, FETT.
YOU'RE OUTNUMBERED.

FETT?

ARE YOU ALL TOGETHER? A BOUNTY-HUNTER GROUP?
YES. WE ARE THE LEAGUE OF BOUNTY HUNTERS. WE ARE...

THE WORST IDEA I'VE EVER HEARD!


EVENTUALLY, SOME OF YOU WILL REALIZE YOU GET PAID MORE IF YOU DON'T HAVE TO SPLIT IT SO MANY WAYS. THEN WHAT?
THAT ISN'T YOUR CONCERN. YOU'RE WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE, CONNOR FREEMAN. AND I DON'T CARE IF FETT GETS TAKEN DOWN WITH YOU.
IF YOU AND YOUR "LEAGUE" ARE OUT TO MAKE A NAME FOR YOURSELVES, THIS ISN'T THE WAY TO DO IT.

IF NO ONE SEES YOU DIE, THEN WHO'S TO SAY THE BOUNTY-HUNTER CODE WAS BROKEN?
AND THERE IS A CODE...

I MIGHT.

FETT.
BOSSK.
HOW DOES *EVERY SINGLE BOUNTY HUNTER* IN THE *GALAXY* KNOW WHERE I AM?

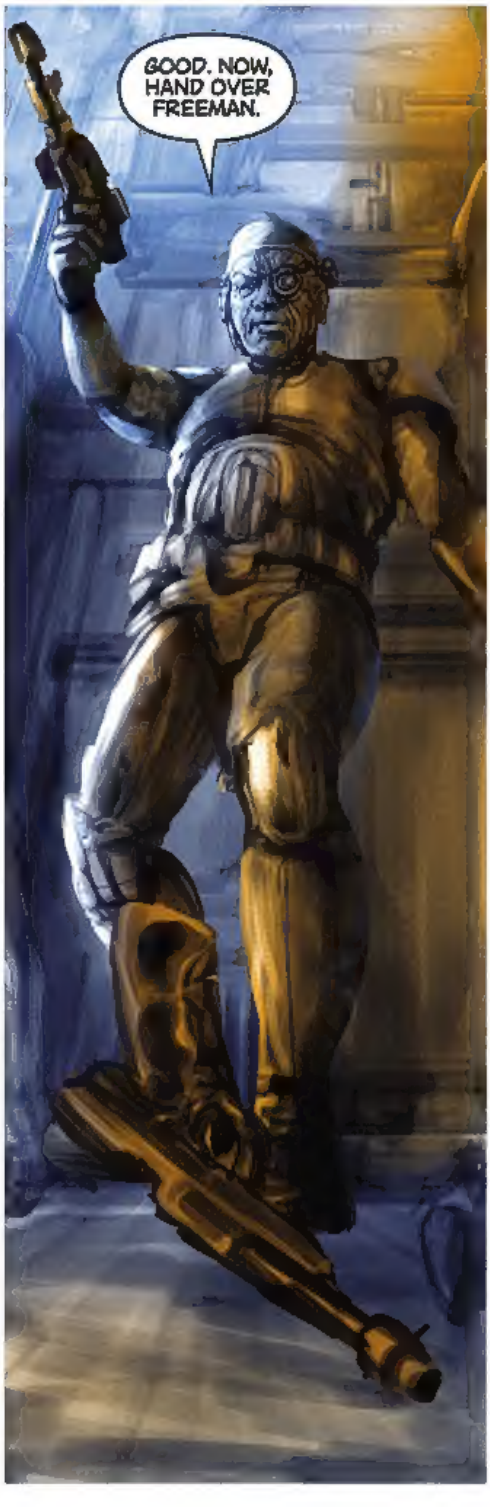
YOU'RE NOT HARD TO FIND. YOU DRINK IN THE SAME BAR ALL DAY. EVERY DAY.
BUT YOU'RE NOT WORTH ENOUGH FOR ME TO GET IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS.
FAIR ENOUGH.

HAVE FUN WITH THE STUPID, DEAD BOUNTY HUNTERS, FETT.

DROP YOUR WEAPON.
WHICH ONE?

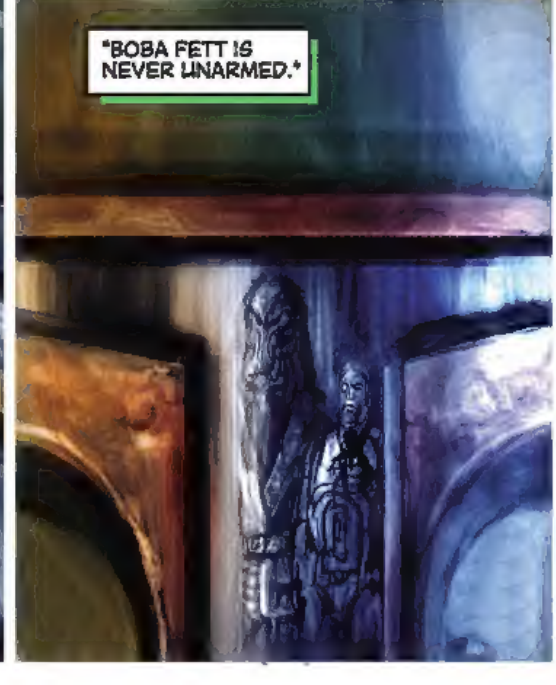
WHICH...?
I CAN PUT THE BLASTER DOWN... BUT THAT WON'T SAVE YOU.

PUT THE BLASTER DOWN!


GOOD. NOW, HAND OVER FREEMAN.

ONE LAST CHANCE.
WALK AWAY.
YOU DON'T GET TO MAKE DEMANDS OF US --

--THERE ARE TEN OF US, FETT, AND YOU ARE UNARMED.
UNARMED...?


"BOBA FETT IS NEVER UNARMED."

ZX MINIATURE FLAME PROJECTOR.
AGHHHHH!!!

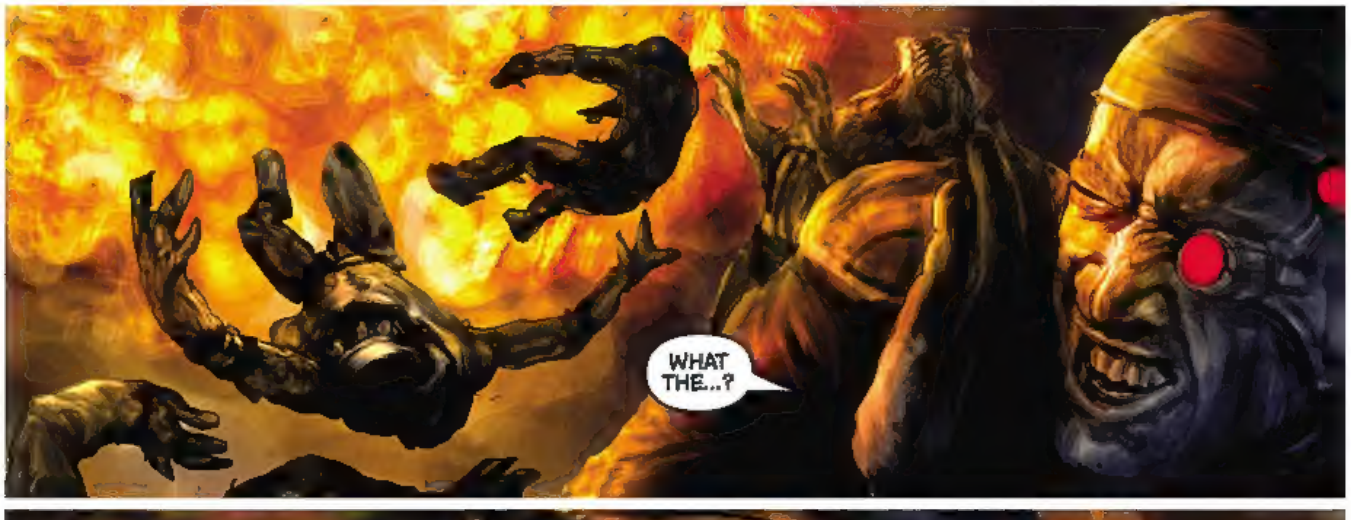
CHOOM!
CHOOM!
STAY DOWN, FREEMAN.

WHERE IS HE? CAN ANYONE SEE HIM?
WE MUST HAVE HIT HIM.

H.U.D. HELMET DISPLAY.
KEEP FIRING! DON'T LET...

DUR-24 WRIST LASER.
NARGHHH!

STUN AGENT DARTS.
HUURGH.
THNK!
THK!

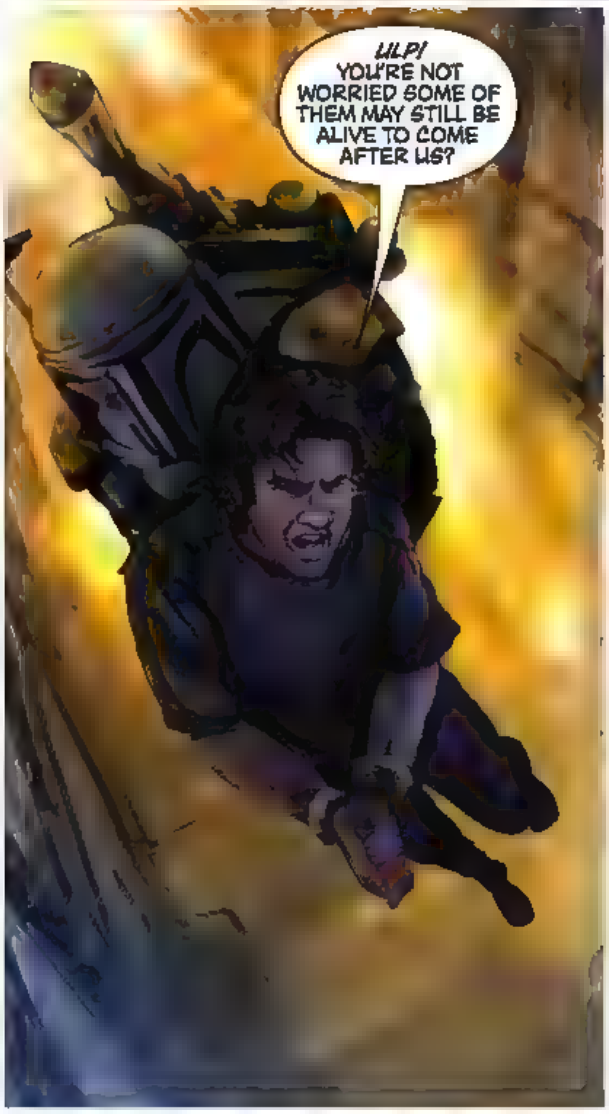
MINI-CONCUSSION ROCKET LAUNCHER.

WHAT THE...?

FIBERCORD WHIP.
THWIP!

MANDALORIAN ARMOR.
HEAT RESISTANT.
UNARMED?
FIST.
NOT SO MUCH.

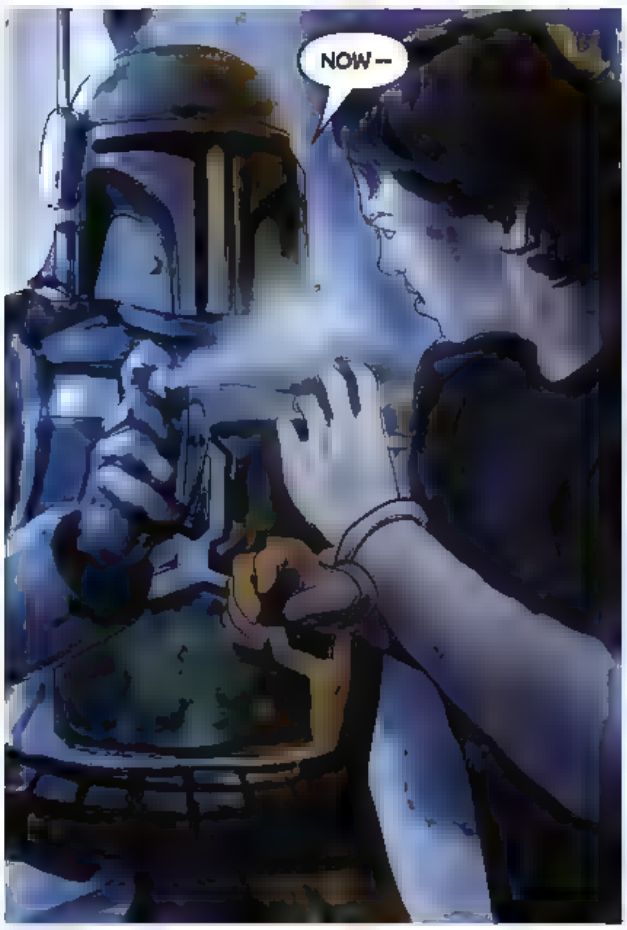
PLEASE JUST KILL EACH OTHER.
PLEASE JUST KILL EACH OTHER.
PLEASE...

BLAST!


ULP! YOU'RE NOT WORRIED SOME OF THEM MAY STILL BE ALIVE TO COME AFTER US?

I DOUBT THEY'RE THAT STUPID.
YOU THINK A GROUP CALLED THE *"LEAGUE OF BOUNTY HUNTERS"* IS FULL OF GENIUSES?

IF THEY HAD ANY GENIUSES, THEY'RE GONE NOW.


NOW --

-- UNCONSCIOUS.

UNGH. WHERE...?
AWAKE, EH?
WE'VE LANDED AT A REFUELING STATION.
YOU MAY FEEL A BIT STRANGE. THE EFFECT OF THE CONCENTRATED DEER.
I FEEL LIKE I'VE GROWN MORE THUMBS...
YES. THAT'S NORMAL.
I HAVE SOME QUESTIONS.
I THINK I MAY KNOW WHAT YOUR QUESTIONS ARE ABOUT—
—YOU HAVE MY FATHER'S FACE.

I WASN'T EXPECTING THIS.
I WASN'T EXPECTING EXTRA THUMBS.

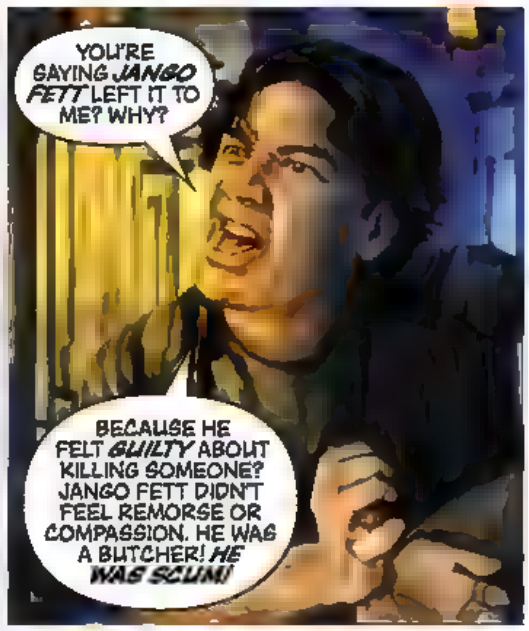
BUT IT EXPLAINS THE CREDITS.
WHAT CREDITS?
YOUR INHERITANCE. THE CREDITS JANGO LEFT TO YOU. IF YOU'RE HIS *SON...?*

HIS...?
I THINK I UNDERSTAND NOW. YOU AND I...

THERE IS NO "*YOU AND I*" FETT!
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, BUT WE'RE NOT *BROTHERS.*

SEE, YOU DON'T JUST SHARE MY FATHER'S FACE. YOU SHARE THE SAME FACE AS MY FATHER'S *MURDERER, JANGO FETT.*

THE ONLY INHERITANCE I HAD WAS LEFT TO ME BY MY FATHER.
YOUR FATHER, A *CLONE,* MADE ENOUGH CREDITS TO LEAVE YOU AN INHERITANCE? YOU THINK THAT'S *TRUE?*


YOU'RE SAYING *JANGO FETT* LEFT IT TO ME? WHY?
BECAUSE HE FELT *GUILTY* ABOUT KILLING SOMEONE? JANGO FETT DIDN'T FEEL REMORSE OR COMPASSION. HE WAS A BUTCHER! *HE WAS SCUM!*

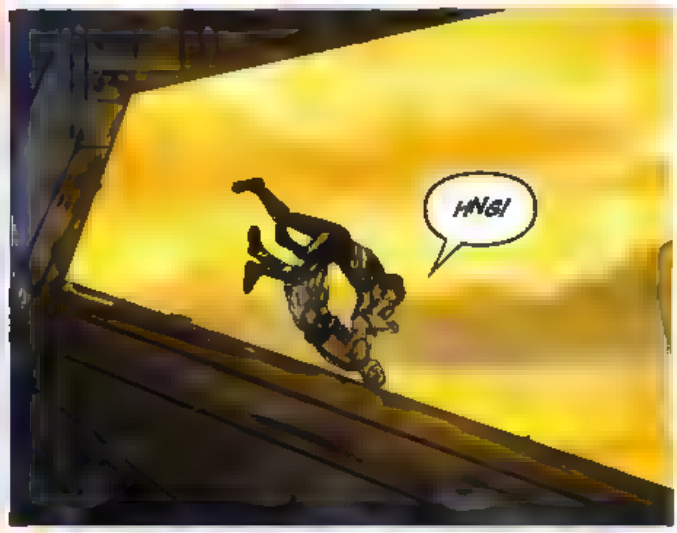
SHUT UP!

WHAT? YOU THINK HE *LOVED* YOU?
I KNOW MY FATHER'S FACE WELL, AND IT WAS *EXACTLY* THE *SAME* AS YOURS. YOU'RE TOO ALIKE. YOU'RE NOT JANGO'S *SON,* ARE YOU? *YOU'RE HIS CLONE.*

YOU'RE EVERY BIT THE COLD, *HEARTLESS* KILLER JANGO FETT WAS.
YOU'RE NOT A *SON*--
--YOU'RE A *PRODUCT.*

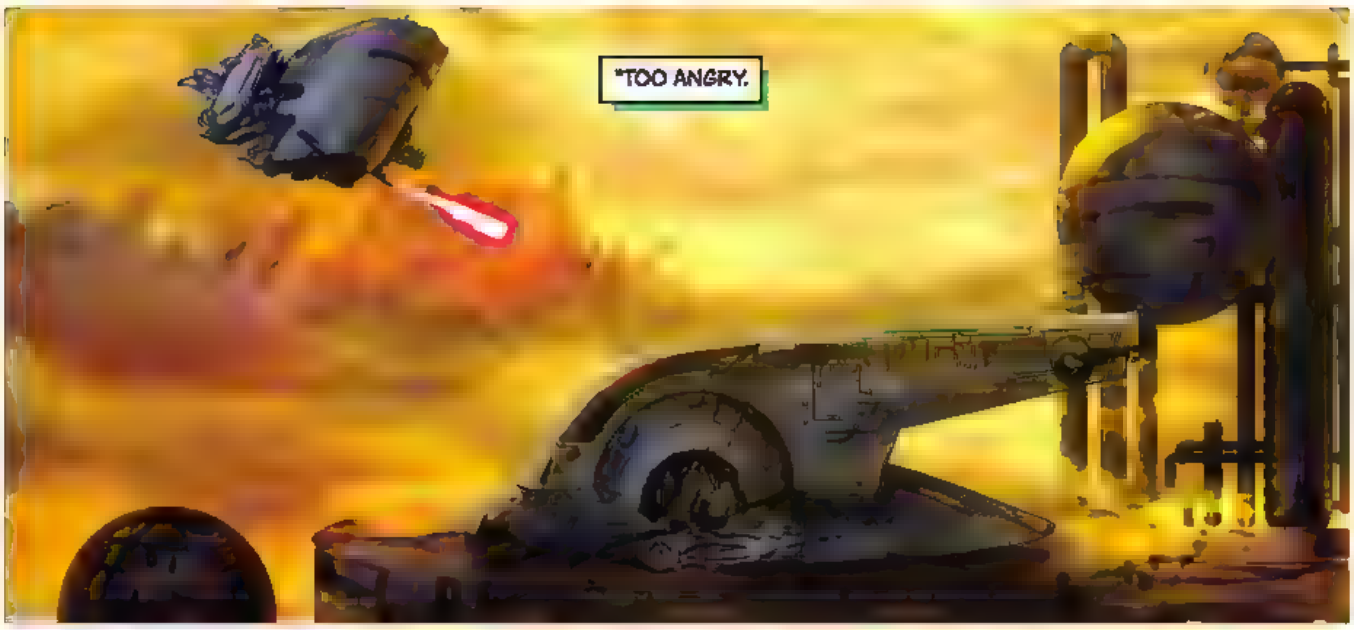
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT MAYBE I AM HEARTLESS. I CERTAINLY DIDN'T FEEL ANYTHING WHEN I SHOT YOUR FATHER IN THE HEAD THROUGH A WINDOW TWENTY YEARS AGO.
YOU...

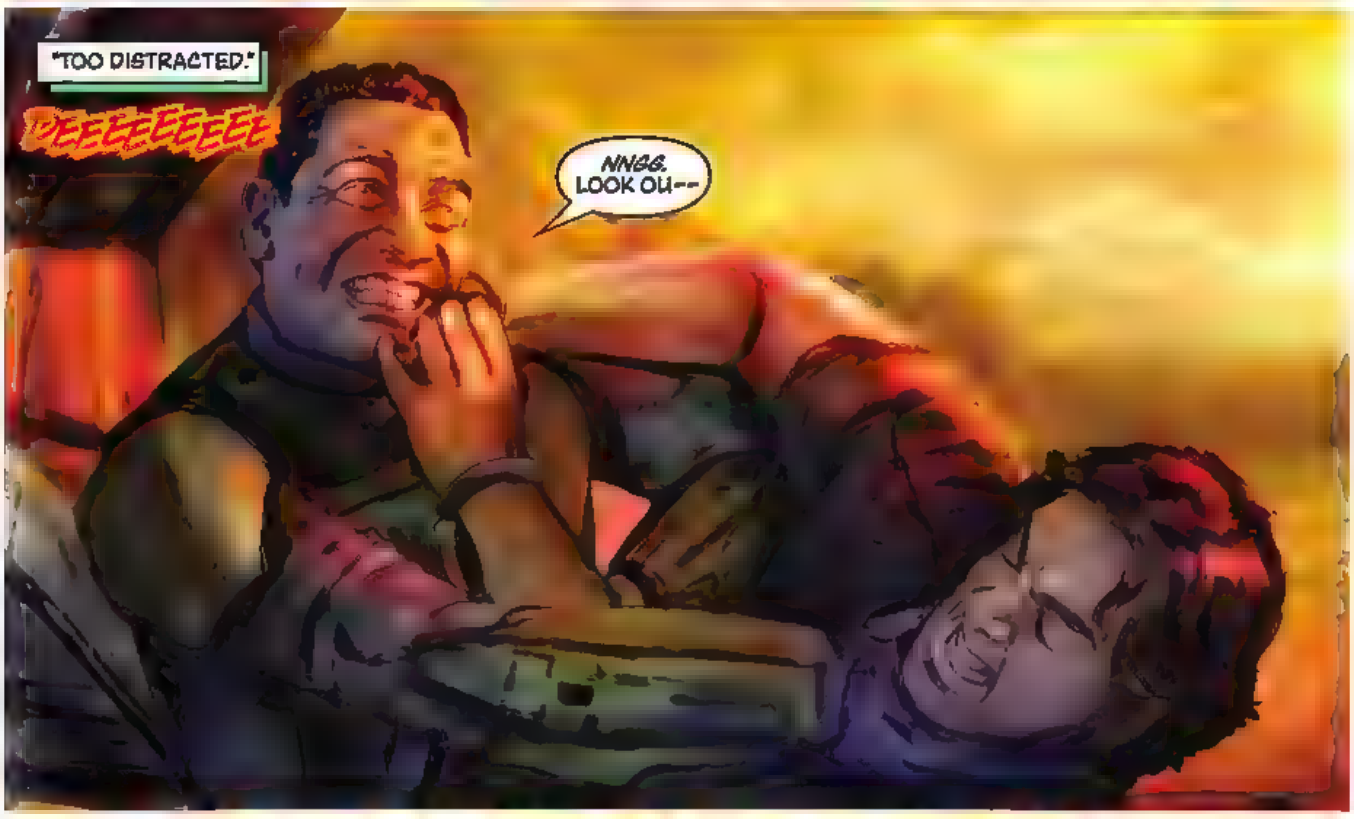
YOU!


HNG!

"WE DON'T SEE IT COMING."
RRRNN.

"WE'RE TOO BUSY TRYING TO KILL EACH OTHER."
DEET DEET DEEEEET!


"TOO ANGRY.


"TOO DISTRACTED."
DEEEEEEEEE
NNGG.
LOOK OU--

"AND THEN
IT'S TOO LATE."

BRING FREEMAN.

I HAVE SOMETHING I WANT TO GIVE FETT.

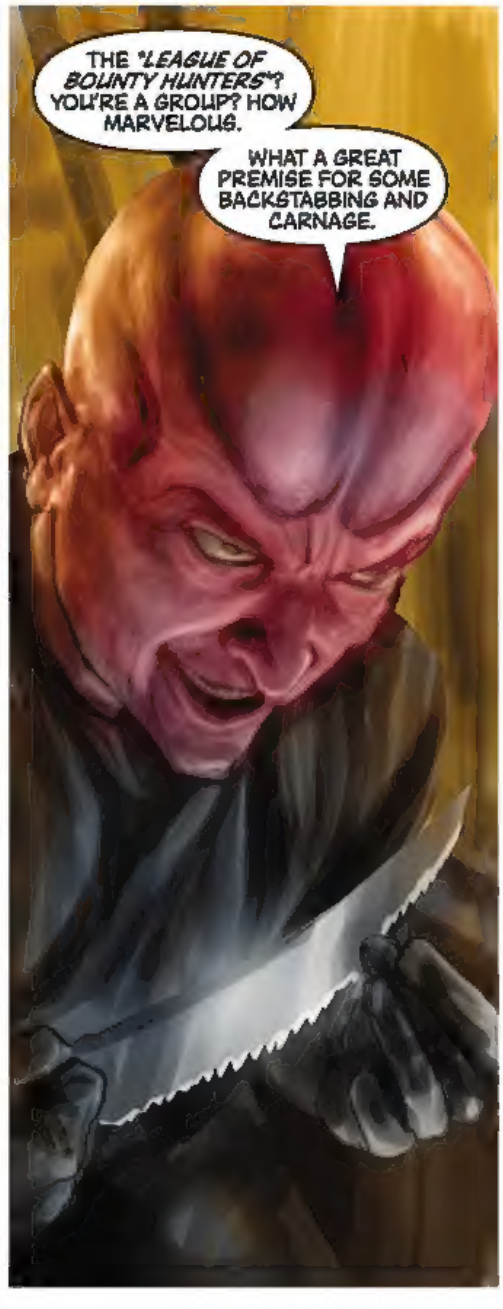
THIS IS FOR *THE LEAGUE.*
GOODBYE.

HNNN... BYE.
?
WHAT'S THE MATTER? CAN'T SHOOT A DEFENSELESS MAN IN THE FACE?
NOT SO TOUGH WITHOUT YOUR "LEAGUE," ARE YOU?
CHOOM!
CHOOM!

TAYAND. I AM DAQUINN.
HEY, DAQUINN. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

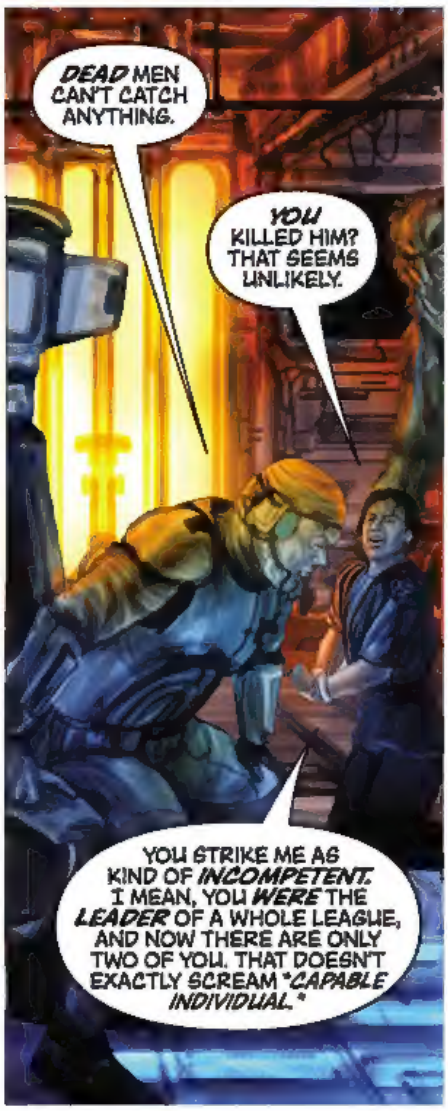
IT'S WHAT WE CAN DO FOR YOU. WE HAVE CONNOR FREEMAN.
FANTASTIC! I LOOK FORWARD TO GETTING MY HANDS ON HIM.

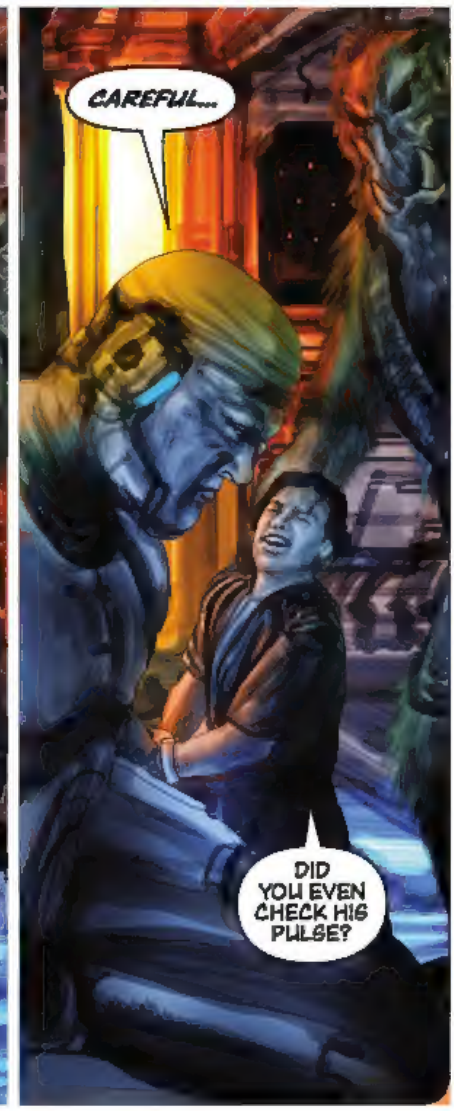
CAN YOU BRING HIM IN ALIVE? I'VE BEEN SO BORED.
I'VE ACCIDENTALLY KILLED EVERYTHING I HAD TO PLAY WITH.
THE LEAGUE OF BOUNTY HUNTERS LOOKS FORWARD TO DOING BUSINESS WITH YOU.


THE "LEAGUE OF BOUNTY HUNTERS"? YOU'RE A GROUP? HOW MARVELOUS.
WHAT A GREAT PREMISE FOR SOME BACKSTABBING AND CARNAGE.

THERE ARE ONLY TWO OF YOU LEFT. HOW ARE YOU STILL A "LEAGUE"?
THE LEAGUE OF BOUNTY HUNTERS CANNOT DIE!

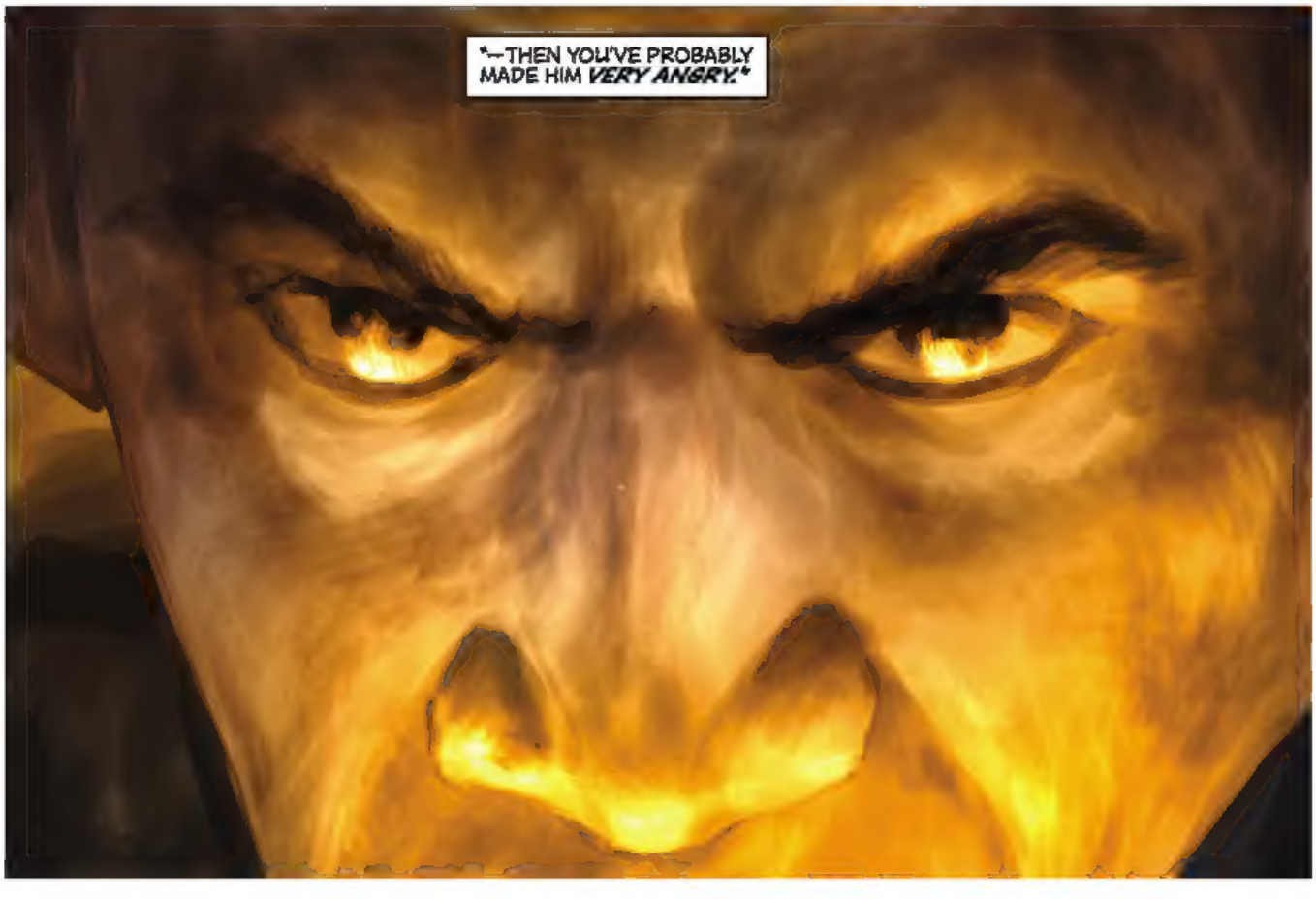
MAYBE NOT, BUT IT CAN CERTAINLY BE ERRONEOUSLY NAMED.
AND I'M SURE YOUR LEAGUE CAN DIE. IF BOBA FETT CATCHES YOU...?


DEAD MEN CAN'T CATCH ANYTHING.
YOU KILLED HIM? THAT SEEMS UNLIKELY.
YOU STRIKE ME AS KIND OF INCOMPETENT. I MEAN, YOU WERE THE LEADER OF A WHOLE LEAGUE, AND NOW THERE ARE ONLY TWO OF YOU. THAT DOESN'T EXACTLY SCREAM "CAPABLE INDIVIDUAL."


CAREFUL...
DID YOU EVEN CHECK HIS PULSE?

HE IS DEAD.
YOU WERE TOO SCARED. YOU DIDN'T CHECK, DID YOU?

"IF YOU *HAVEN'T* KILLED HIM —


"—THEN YOU'VE PROBABLY MADE HIM *VERY ANGRY.*"